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lots of times I've stood in the caboose and begged a chew from the fireman."

"Go on," says Bill, as "Hee Haw" paused for effect, "let's hear about the mail for Fairplay."

"Shure," says "Hee Haw," spitting on the stove again, "that was the toughest job of snow buckin' I ever tackled. I'd take a run at a snow drift, get about half way in and then stop. Then we'd back away again, take another run for it. By and by we'd get her packed as hard as the knobs on the doors of Hades, and then it would be all hands out with pick and shovel to dig out the rest of the drift. We had a dozen section hands with us, but you know how much good they are. I bet I shoveled three hundred tons of snow on that trip single-handed."

"Hee Haw" paused and eyed "Easy Money" and Bill to see if they would dispute his word, but they kept silent.

"Every cab window in the whole three engines was broke to lamp jewels. Thirty-six hours it took us to make that trip, and none of us shut an eye. When old Dad Perkins shut 'er off in front of the depot at Fairplay I was the tireddest man that ever lived to tell it."

"Here," says I to the postmaster, handin' him the mail bag, 'here's that bloomin' mail ye've been hollerin' yer head off about."

"He grinned kinder like a cow and took his key out to unlock it. It was shure an imposin' ceremony and after all that labor we thought we was entitled to seats in the parkay for the performance, so we all stood around."

"He opens the bag and squints in it first with one eye and then with the other. Then he turns the bag upside down and one little, lonely letter drops out."

"To Mary McFarlane," ses he, readin' the address. 'She lives on



"Well, Sir, I Relieved My Mind Good and Plenty Right There."

the McCook ranch. It's a love letter from her feller, I guess, and she won't be after it until the snow melts."

"Well, sir, I relieved my mind good and plenty right there, and if Uncle Sam and his bloomin' mail service had wanted a concise an' red-hot opinion of themselves, there's where they'd got it. When I got through I stomps into the telegraph office an' sings out: 'Here's where I resigns. I don't work another bloomin' minute for such a blitherin', blasted, one-lunged, lopsided railroad as this, if I have to pick sand burs from grizzly bears for a livin'.' Have you got that?" ses I to the operator.

"Yep," ses he.

"Then telegraph it to Buck," ses I. And he did."

"Hee Haw" paused and punctuated his story by spitting on the stove again.

"Well, by gum," says Bill, solemn like, and winkin' slyly at me, "if that weren't the letter I wrote to Mary. And she never got it, neither. It was returned to me three months afterward from the dead letter office."

"Hee Haw" opened his mouth to say something, but just then the weigh master came back and he rose, begged another chew from "Easy Money" and went out to switch the "cut."

**USEFUL ACCOMPLISHMENTS.**

"So your new maid used to be a ballet dancer. How do you like her?"

"She saved our lives the other night. The evergreen on the chandelier caught fire, and she kicked it out in an instant!"—Detroit Free Press.

## The Mail for Fairplay

BY CHAS. W. CUNO.

(Copyright, 1907, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
"Well, sir," says "Hee Haw" Smith, as he came into the scale-house and knocked the mud from his shoes, while the weighmaster was out taking a cheek of the "cut" (note—a train of cars), "did I ever tell ye how we took the United States mail to Fairplay?"

"Naw," says "Easy Money" Hawkins, "not as I can recollect of 'thout referin' to my notebook."

"Tell it," says Bill.

"Gimme a chew," "Hee Haw" says kind of promiscuous like, sitting down on the keg and pulling out his jack knife.

Both Bill and "Easy Money" pulled out a plug, but "Hee Haw" took "Easy Money's," it was bigger.

"Do you know," says he, "what old 'Happy Cal' used to say about bitin' offen his plug of tobacco?"

"Naw," says "Easy," "not as I—"

"Well," says "Hee Haw" interrupting, "Cal used to say he'd a heap rather ye'd bite offen his plug than pinch it off with yer fingers, 'cause ye cud get yer fingers in lots of dirtier places than ye could yer teeth."

"Aw," says Bill, "let's hear about the mail fer Fairplay. Don't believe ye ever went there."

"Shure," says "Hee Haw" paying no attention to this slur upon his veracity, as he returned the much diminished plug to "Easy." "It was this way," he continued, "stowin' the bag in his left cheek and spittin' on the stove. 'I was working for the D. L. & G. in '83, when along 'bout November it began to snow. Great Roosevelt! How it did snow! Ye know what a jerkwater road the D. L. & G. was anyway, snowed in 'bout half the time in winter. Well, it was the worst winter we ever had for snow. Did ye ever buck snow, you fellers?"

"Buck snow," says "Easy Money."

"Why, back on the Pan Handle—"

"Pan Handle," sneered "Hee Haw," "why, jumpin' toothache, man, what does the Pan Handle know about snow? Pan Handle! Why, man, there's more snow on one mile of the D. L. & G. on Boreas hill than there is on the whole thousand miles of the Pan Handle."

"Go on," says Bill. "Let's hear about the mail."

"As I was sayin'" says "Hee Haw," shifting his chew to the other cheek, "there'd come an awful snow. It was all we could do to keep the main line open and a side spur like that from Como to Fairplay the company didn't aim to keep open now. But they didn't reckon on the United States government. The road had been tied up for about three weeks when some official in Washington with a hot walnut under his collar began to stir things up."

"There's a sack of mail in Denver for Fairplay," he telegraphs to the general manager. "Why don't the D. L. & G. deliver it?"

"Buck was the general manager then. He sits down and telegraphs back: 'Snowed in.' 'Snowed in be 'Snowed,' ses the official at Washington, 'the mail's got to be delivered,' ses he."

"Buck laughs when he gets the telegram, and thinks that's about the end of it, but it weren't. That pesky official comes all the way from Washington to Denver to see about that mail, and when he walks into Buck's office, Buck knowed it was up to him to do something."

"He sits down and telegraphs to Como: 'Send crew of 81 with snow plow and three engines to Fairplay with the United States mail.' Eighty-one; that was us. We just come in from Leadville with a train load of iron ore, buckin' snow all the way for 14 hours, but that didn't matter. It was go or get canned, so we went."

"We got out the snow plow and the engines and hitched on a caboose."

"Rotary?" says Bill.

"Rotary—naw," says "Hee Haw," disgustedly. "In them days they didn't have nothing but the common ordinary snow plows."

"Just before we started the '2:10' pulled in and the mail clerk 'Deliver that to the postmaster at Fairplay,' ses he. 'All right, old timer,' ses I, and give the eagle eye (engineer) a high ball (peculiar signal of railroad men, with hand held high in the air, which means 'come ahead at full speed')."

"Were any of you fellers ever on the Fairplay road? It's built like a snake with the appendicitis. Why,

## FOR THE HEADACHE SUFFERER.

Sleeping with His Head High Will Frequently Bring Relief.

"It is so strange, doctor," complained a woman patient, recently, "that when I have had a perfectly good night's sleep I should so often wake up with headache."

"How many pillows do you have under your head?" asked the physician.

"One thin pillow," was the answer.

"Try two fairly thick ones," the doctor advised, adding that many congestive headaches were caused by people sleeping with their heads too low. The blood settles in the head and the sufferer wakes with a dull feeling or throbbing pain. Persons subject to catarrhal headache should be careful to have their heads high enough at night.

In cases of headache or facial neuralgia where mustard would be perhaps too severe, a mixture of white of egg and red pepper may be safely used. It will be found quite as effective as the mustard, but it will not blister nor leave unsightly red blotches even on a tender skin. It can be safely applied at the base of the brain for that "headache in the back of the neck" which begins to be complained of at about the time when the storm and stress of the holidays have exhausted the nervous energy.—Harper's Bazar.

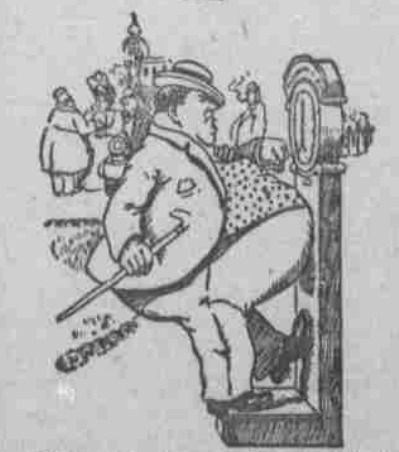
## TONS OF SOOT.

A scientific investigator in Cincinnati has been trying to arrive at a definite idea of the amount of soot deposited in the city in the course of a year. One of his tests was to place two buckets, three-fourths filled with water on 11 roofs in different parts of the city. At the end of three months a careful analysis of the contents of the buckets to ascertain the amount of carbonaceous matter was made. The result is that in the down town area the falling soot amounts to 511 tons a month, or 18 tons daily. On a square mile of the city the soot deposit is 171 tons a month, or 343,728 pounds, an average of several pounds to each inhabitant. In one of the suburbs the soot in the bucket was 464 grams to the square foot for a period of 30 days. For the same time the deposit at a central point in the city was 22,550 grams to the square foot.

## RELIC OF OLD ROME.

Near the Lucrine lake, to the north of Baiae, Italy, where the villas of Romans of imperial times crowded each other to the water's edge, and where, in consequence, to this day the ground is full of archaeological treasures, a very fine mosaic has just been discovered. In form it is a parallelogram, measuring about five and a half yards by nearly ten yards. The piece represents a hunting scene in which there are many wild beasts and several hunters, the favorite subject for large mosaics in those days. It has been bought for \$1,500 by the ministry of public works for the decoration of the great monument of Victor Emmanuel in Rome, which is slowly taking form, and will eventually dominate all old Rome.

## WAY TO GET WEIGHED.



"Stand on the platform? That's easier said than done!"

## VARIED.

"It was as much as I could do to keep from laughing when Miss Gusher remarked that her fiancé was 'so versatile.'"

"Meaning Dumley? Well, he is rather versatile."

"Nonsense! He's a regular idiot."

"Yes; but he's so many different kinds of an idiot."

## AN EASY WAY OUT.

Theatrical Manager—I can't use your play. It's entirely too long for the stage.  
Amateur Playwright—Well, can you not lengthen the stage?

## PAPYRUS FOR BANK NOTES.

Italian Government Will Raise It as a Monopoly.

In only one place in Europe is the papyrus plant still to be found. This is on the upper reaches of the little river Anapo, in Sicily, near the mouth of which Syracuse is situated.

Papyrus cultivation was a very important branch of agriculture with the antique and classic works, for it was from the pith of this semiaquatic plant that the material was made upon which the ancients wrote; a material similar to tough, thick, white-brown paper, which moderns call papyrus.

It was the writing paper of the world for over 2,000 years—a long period for any manufactured article to command the market and successfully defy all competition.

Now the Italian minister of finance is planning to utilize the papyrus plant again. Its cultivation is to be undertaken by the ministry of agriculture, and a state factory for the manufacture of papyrus paper is to be erected.

A law is to be passed declaring both the cultivation and the manufacture to be government monopolies, and the papyrus paper is to be employed exclusively for the purposes of the currency.

Bank notes printed on papyrus paper would, under those circumstances, be really inimitable. In Italy—the note forgers' paradise—this would be of incalculable advantage to the government and to the public.

## CROOKED WORK.



## IN A REAL DILEMMA.

Cortland F. Bishop, the new president of the Aero club, was being interviewed on aeronautics.

"Is it true," said the reporter, "that you get airsick up in a balloon the same as you get seasick on the ocean?"

"That is only true," said Mr. Bishop, "of fidgety, highly sensitive persons, like the old lady on the train."

"She said to the conductor as he punched her ticket:

"Conductor, is it a fact that the locomotive is at the rear of the train?"

"Yes, madam," the conductor answered. "We have a locomotive at each end. It takes one to push and one to pull to get us up this grade."

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?" moaned the old lady. "I'm always trainsick if I ride with my back to the locomotive."

## WEDS ARMLESS PATIENT.

A remarkable romance has just been associated with the accident hospital at Widnes, Lancashire, England.

A young man met with a terrible accident at the railway station, Widnes, in September, which rendered it necessary for his arms to be amputated at the shoulders. He was tenderly nursed by a pretty young member of the hospital staff, and the feelings of friendship between them gradually ripened into love.

The nurse has just married her armless lover. She has some small private means and intends to work for herself and her husband.

## DODGING THE QUESTION.

Mrs. Benham—Do you love me as much as you did when you first married me?

Benham—You talk as if I had married you more than once.

## THE BRIDGROOM'S QUESTION.

Clergyman—With all my worldly goods I thee endow.

Prospective Bridegroom—Say, parson, isn't this rather early to award alimony?

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To Oak Grove round trip rate .75. Going, leave Higginsville 8:33 a. m., returning, arrive at Higginsville 8:55 p. m.

To Odessa round trip rate .45. Going, leave Higginsville 8:33 a. m., returning, arrive at Higginsville 8:55 p. m.

To Alma round trip rate .30. Going, leave Higginsville 10:21 a. m., returning, arrive at Higginsville 4:43 p. m.

To Blackburn round trip rate .40. Going, leave Higginsville 10:21 a. m., returning, arrive at Higginsville 4:43 p. m.

To Marshall round trip rate .90. Going, leave Higginsville 10:21 a. m., returning, arrive at Higginsville 4:43 p. m.

To Slater round trip rate \$1.30. Going, leave Higginsville 10:21 a. m., returning, arrive at Higginsville 4:43 p. m.

Correspondingly low rates to intermediate stations. Visit Kansas City or spend a quiet day in the country—The "ONLY WAY" for an outing.

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Having more land than I can conveniently look after outside of this state, I will sell one or two of my farms in Lafayette county, well located for schools and churches, 3 of said farms near Dover and two near Higginsville, ranging in size from 150 to 200 acres each. Will sell at \$10 per acre less than my neighbors with no better soil.

RYLAND T. DUNHAM,  
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FOR SALE—Thoroughbred White Holland turkeys, Hens, \$2.00. Gobblers, \$3.50. JAMES W. MOORE, R. F. D. No. 4, Higginsville, Mo. 12-1564

FOR SALE—One pair 1,400 pound mares, one 1,100 pound mare; a 34 studebaker wagon, one set double harness, top buggy and single harness. Inquiries at 603 5th street, camp near the opera house.

FOR SALE—A choice lot of 10 month Rock Cockerels and a few buns. H. C. Sidor, 12 8 4 Higginsville, Mo.

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